

C An AVE MARIA in Commendation of our most

Vertuous Queene. Imprinted at London, in Pater Noster Row, by Richard Lant.

Haile

Hail Queene of Englad, of most worthy fame
For vertue, for wisdom, for mercy & grace:
Most firme in the fath: Defence of the same:
Christ saue her and keepe her, in euery place.

Marie

Marie the mirrour of mercifulnesse,
God of his goodnesse, hath lent to this lande:
Our iewell, our ioye, our Iudeth doubtlesse,
The great Holofernes of hell to withstande.

Full

Full well I may liken, and boldly compare
Her highnesse, to Hester, that vertuous Queene:
The enuious Hamon, to kyll, is her care,
And all wicked workers, to weede them out cleene.

Of

Of sectes and of schysmes, a riddaunce to make,
Of horrible errours, and heresies all,
She carckes & cares, & great trauell dooth take,
That vertue may flourish, and vice haue a fall.

Grace

Grace and all goodnesse, doth garnish her Grace
With mercifull meeknesse, on euery syde,
And pitifull Prudence, in rennyng her race.
Her highnesse in honoz, most godly dooth guyde

Our

Our life is a warfare, the worlde is the fielde.
Her highnes, her army hath alwayes at hande:
For hope is her helmet, Faith is her shielde.
And Loue is her brestplate, her foes to withstande

Lozde

Lorde for thy mercy, bouchsafe to defende
Her Grace, from all griefes, and dreadfull distresse
Whom thou hast bouchsafed, so frendly to sende,
Our maners to mende, our deedes to redresse.

Is

Is not this Ilande, of duty most bounde.
To pray for her highnesse, most prosperous state
By whom, all our enemies, be cast to the grounde
Exilyng all error, all strife and debate.

With

With wisdom, her wisdom, most witty & wise
Most wisely dooth weide vs, in weale and in wo,
In rest to rule vs, this dooth she deuise.
In grace and in goodnesse, with vertue also.

Thee

Thee humbly we honour, most mercifull Lozde
Beseechyng thy goodnesse, to graunt vs thy grace
That we, in faith, as one may accorde,
All vices exiled, may vertue inbrace.

Blessed

Blessed be Jesu, and praise we his Name,
Who of his mere mercy, hath lent to this lande,
So Catholike Capitaynes, to gouerne the same,
And freely, the foes of Faith to withstande.

Art

Art thou not a shamed, thou cattif bnynde,
To whisper, to whimper, with traitourous tene
To mutter, to murmure, with mischeuous mynde
Against thy so louyng, and gracious a Queene.

Thou

Thou wishest, and woldest: But all is in bayne:
(God dooth abhorre) to thinke in thy harte,
Do speake in secrete, of them that doo raigne:
The birdes wyl be wai thee: to pray is thy parte.

Among

Among al the scriptures, wher hast thou but sene
The murmurers punishte, & neuer had their wyl,
Agaynst their heade: our souereigne Queene,
Whose Grace, I pray God, preserue from all yll.

Women

Women and widowes, with maidens & wiues,
Of this blessed woman, example may take,
In womanly wisdom, to leade well their liues:
All Englande is blessed, for this womans sake.

And

And for that there is, suche godly behauiour,
Specially tending, Gods worthy fame:
He, through his power, and Princely fauour,
Hath blancked her foes, to their great shame.

Blessed

Blessed be therfore, our Lozde God aboue:
And Marie our Maistresse, our mercifull Queene
For vnto this lande, our Lozde for her loue,
Hath of his mercy, most mercifull bene.

Is

Is not her highnesse, most worthy of prayse,
And England moch holden, her grace to comend
By whō, it hath pleased, our Lord many wayse
His bountefull blessing, on vs for to sende.

The

The plentiful pittie, the faith and the grace,
The meruailous mekenes, and mercy also,
And other the vertues, that shine in her face,
Doo saue vs her subiected,, in weale and in wo.

Fruyte

Fruyte of her body, God graunte vs to see,
This Royallme to rule, in peace and in rest:
That louyng, as she is, to vs maye be:
Who woulde vs all, as our hertes can thinke best

Of

Of this may the good, be bolde as to say,
She woulde Gods glory, to flourish and spryng
And her true subiectes, to walke in one way
In vnitie of faith, all vs for to byng.

Thy

Thy gracious goodnes, to God therfore,
We humbly beseeche, her grace to preserue:
And thy holy Church, in state to restore,
As daily desireth, our princely Synnerue.

Wombe

Wombe that she beareth, by God be it blest,
From danger of chiding, whē God he shal sende
Neuer by enemies, to seeher suppress,
But, as his chosen, to haue heere her ende.

Jesu

Jesu most gentle, graunte this request,
Our Noble Queene, with thy grace to encrease
In health and honour, as pleasest thee best,
That long ouer vs, she may reigne in peace.

Amen. Ad. L. Stopes.